

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule, Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog, And then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it, That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope, To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me, Neuer pray mote: Abandon all remorse, On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate: Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd; For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me! Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense? God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole, That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice! Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World) To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence Ile loue no Friend, fith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honesty's a Foole, And looses that it works for.

Oth. By the World,

I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not: I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not: Ile haue some prooue. My name that was as fresh As *Dians* Vifage, is now begrim'd and blacke As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives, Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating steames, Ile not indure it. Would I were fatisfied.

Iago. Let you are eaten vp with Passion: I do repent me, that I put it to you. You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord? Would you the super-vision grossely gape on? Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke, To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then, If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder More then their owne. What then? How then? What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction? It is impossible you should see this, Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes, As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say, If imputation, and strong circumstances, Which leade directly to the doore of Truth, Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office. But fith I am entred in this cause so farre (Prick'd ro't by foolish Honesty, and Loue) I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately, And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men, So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*. In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*, Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues, And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand, Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes, That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh, And sigh, and kisse, and then cry curf'd Fate, That gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion, 'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes, That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done, She may be honest yet: Tell me but this, Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?

Oth. I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe (I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.

It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Oth. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:

One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Looke here *Iago*,

All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone, Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell, Yeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne To tyrannous Hate. Swellosome with thy fraught, For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,

Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course, Neu'r keeps retreating ebbe, but keeps due on To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,

Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,

In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow, I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet:

Witness ye euer-burning Lights above, You Elements, that clip vs round about,

Witness that heere *Iago* doth giue vp The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello*'s Service. Let him command, And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody businesse euer.

Oth. I greet thy loue,

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, And will vpon the instant put thee too't.

Within these three dayes let me heare thee say, That *Cassio*'s not aliue.

Iago. My Friend is dead.

'Tis done at your Request.

But let her liue.

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:

O damne her, damne her.

Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw

To furnish me with some swift meanes of death

For the faire Diuell.

Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exit.

Scene

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Desdemona*, *Emilia*, and *Clown*.

Des. Do you know *Sirrah*, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lyes any where.

Des. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis flabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where Ile lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de- uise a lodging, and say he lyes heere, or he lyes there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re- port?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue mou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clow.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Emilia*?

Emil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,

As ielious Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not ielious?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble! How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.

This hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart: Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires

A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,

For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,

A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:

For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands: But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this: Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me: Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Oth. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe

Did an Egyptian to my Mother giue: She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, 'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it, Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,

And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wi'd) To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,

Make it a Darling, like your precious eye: To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it: A Sybil that had numbred in the world

The Sun to course, two hundred compasses, In her Prophetick furie sow'd the Worke:

The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke, And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skillfull

Confer'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak is't out o'th way?

Des. Blesse vs.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suite, Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe, My minde mis-gives.

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more suffici- ent man.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue; Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Oth. Away.

Emil. Is not this man ielious?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe, I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man: They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,

They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband. *Iago.* There is no other way: 'tis the must doo't: And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.

Des.